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A Visit to the Conservatory of Music at Naples.*

It was very important for me to become acquainted with the long-celebrated school of Music in Naples. While in Rome, I obtained a letter of recommendation to the professor of the violin at the institution in question, Signor Pinto, who has also to play in Naples generally the part of first violinist, or, as we say in Germany, *Concertmeister*. I fancied that, thus provided, I should easily obtain admission to the school. But this matter was attended with especial difficulties. In the first place, Sig. Pinto was nowhere to be found, a very characteristic trait, it struck me, of Neapolitan life. I went to the Teatro S. Carlo, to enquire of the hall-keeper the artist's address, as I knew Sig. Pinto was attached to the establishment. The hall-keeper intimated to me, in a kindly and compassionate tone, that I should have some trouble in presenting my letter, "for," he said, "you will not find Sig. Pinto at home. You may, however, come across him at Caffisch's *pasticceria*, in the Toledo," (the principal street of Naples), "for, as a rule, he looks in two or three times a-day." My laudable attempt to catch the much desired violinist there, was, however, not crowned with success. Somewhat dispirited, I returned to my friend the hall-keeper at San Carlo, and begged him to put me in the way of pouncing upon Sig. Pinto somehow or other. "Oh," replied he, very sensibly, "go to the Conservatory during the time the Professor is delivering his lesson there." He told me, also, the exact hours when the object of my search was engaged in his professorial duties, and I took advantage of the first morning at my disposal to carry out my purpose. On entering the precincts of the Conservatory, which is located in the Franciscan Monastery of S. Pietro a Majella, I was astonished by a scene which produced upon me an effect as unusual as truly comic. In a spacious corridor, between 250 and 300 feet long, on the first floor, I found a number of the youthful pupils of the institution, clad, despite the lateness of the hour—it was ten o'clock—in the most daring morning costume, practising their various instruments, some of the pupils walking up and down while so engaged. Wind and string instruments, of various kinds and calibres, combined their sounds in a harmless medley. Runs, scales, sustained notes, etc., vibrated through the air and my nerves, which latter were already strongly affected by the noise of the Neapolitan streets. But the hopeful and youthful assembly were not disturbed in their experimental music by the arrival of a stranger, who, as they could easily perceive, was a foreigner, perfectly astonished at what he beheld. More especially impressed upon my memory are the performers on a bass trombone and a double bass. They extracted from their instruments such prodigious tones, that it seemed as though they had to prepare for playing at the Resurrection.

I slipped into a side-corridor, and met one of the servants of the establishment, whom I begged to take me to Sig. Pinto. He expressed his regret at not being able to gratify my wish, because Sig. Pinto had not yet arrived, though his hour had struck. In order to escape from the musical hubbub I have described, I asked to be conducted to the Librarian of the Conservatory, who had been described to me as a Signor Cavaliere Florimo. I thought that, with him, I might fill up the leisure time not quite unprofitably. And such was really the case. I found Signor Florimo an agreeable gentleman, who most readily and obligingly showed me the musi-

cal library under his care, and furnished me all the information I wished to obtain. We immediately plunged into a long conversation concerning the Institution, and I learned the following facts, which may interest others as they interested me.

The present organization of the Naples Conservatory dates from the year 1806, it being then that Napoleon combined in one institution the four musical schools existing there at that period. These establishments, the history of some of which extends back as far as the middle of the 16th century, that is to say, occupies a period of 300 years, were: the Conservatorio della Pietà dei Turchini, the Conservatorio dei Poveri di Jesu Christo, the Conservatorio di S. Onofrio, and the Conservatorio di S. Maria Loretto. It would appear from the above titles that all the schools of music in Naples in those days, just as that at present existing, were, to some extent, connected with monasteries of the town, if only in so far as to employ for the profit of art the spacious precincts of such edifices. But, however this may be, it is very certain that, in the last century, the Italian priesthood took a lively interest in the musical aspirations of this highly gifted nation of the South. I need merely remind the reader of Bologna, where people, for instance, still retain a lively recollection of Pater Martino, an authority on counterpoint, whom even a Mozart could not help respecting.

Since the year 1826, the Naples Conservatory has been located in the Franciscan Cloister of S. Pietro a Majella already named. It enjoys a fixed annual income of not less than 200,000 francs. On hearing this sum mentioned, I involuntarily thought, with some little depression, of the very straitened pecuniary circumstances of our German schools of music, some of which, so far from being able to do aught for the advancement of art can, literally speaking, scarcely manage to exist. It is true that we possess nearly half-a-dozen Conservatories, but we cannot, probably, suppose any one of them really endowed with vitality, except the Leipsic School of Music, though it is very evident that this would prosper still more, if, in our native Germany, the door was not flung wide open for a highly injurious system of competition on the part of private individuals. Let us hope, however, that this state of things may, some day or other, be changed for the better. What might not be effected by a single Conservatory, properly endowed and sensibly organized, for the whole of Germany!

The subjects of study in the Naples Conservatory include not only every branch of music, but other departments of knowledge as well.* Besides going through an elementary course, the pupils are taught geography, history, and so on. Nay, they are even initiated in philosophy, though more for the name of the thing than aught else. In a country where, but a short time since, people were informed that it was not the earth that revolved round the sun, but the sun round the earth,† we cannot expect that the science of reason will really flourish, even though we leave out of consideration the fact that the Italians, whose minds are cast in a preponderatingly realistic mould, have always been but very poor philosophers.

The pupils, of whom 100 are taught gratuitously, are bound to attend the Institution at least six years. In some cases, however, they remain longer. In addition to receiving artistic and scientific instruction, they are also not only lodged but boarded free of cost. No pupil is admit-

ted under the age of seven, while, on the other hand, no one is allowed to attend the Institution beyond his four-and-twentieth year. At present the number of students is 150. The staff consists—not counting the director—of twenty-one professors. All the instruments and music required for the pupils belong to the Institution. Among the violins, I saw some very good, though not first-rate, specimens of Gagliani, the Neapolitan violin-maker, who lived in the last century. The pianofortes, on the contrary, were bad. The wildest fancy cannot form a correct notion of the toneless, discordant, jingling machines, on which it is utterly impossible to play, that are manufactured here. But this is not an isolated case. Throughout Italy, the pianos are extremely mediocre, a fact in strong contrast with the feeling for tune inherent in the Italians, and based upon a felicitous natural aptitude of disposition.

During our conversation I was informed that the anxiously expected Sig. Pinto had arrived. I was immediately conducted to him. He most obligingly expressed his readiness to allow me to be present at the violin lesson he was about to give. We entered a room, in which some pupils were already assembled. Here I could not help again remarking, as I had already remarked on my entry into the Institution, that too much attention was not bestowed upon cleanliness. All present, with the exception naturally of the Professor, looked unwashed and unkempt, and, moreover, as regards their dress, they seemed to be clad as if they had but just left their beds. The room itself, too, was not the tidiest I had ever seen. But what matters a little dirt more or less in the wonderfully bright, pure, and clear air of the South? Kind Nature paralyzes it so marvellously, though, in saying this, I would not by any means be understood to assert that a little more attention to cleanliness would not be preferable. However, my attention was immediately diverted from this and similar matters, and directed to two pupils, each of whom played a violin solo, with pianoforte accompaniment. Both were admirable in the French-Belgian style, which is cultivated here with especial predilection and the devotion of elective affinity; for all Italian violinists adopt this style, owing to the want of a national school. Yet in this very country lived, as recently as the last century, those great masters of the violin, who marked an epoch and served as a standard for the whole world of music, and of whom we still learn, even at the present day, by tradition! However incredible this fact may appear, it is true.

Of the above two pupils, the second especially, who acquitted himself with extraordinary spirit and in the most masterly manner, engrossed my undivided attention. He played that technically difficult piece, the "Esmeralda Fantasia," by Antonio Bazzini, the celebrated Italian violinist, who is still living and well-known in Germany, and who, like Sivori, is one of the most renowned virtuosos of modern times.

After this performance, and others I heard during my visit, it struck me as evident that the practical cultivation of orchestral playing—according to the Italian standard—is zealously and successfully carried out, and I was able to compliment Sig. Pinto sincerely on the fact. As to how it fares with pianoforte playing and the vocal art, I could not, on account of the limited time at my disposal, satisfy myself. But if I might express an opinion on the pianoforte playing I had previously heard in Italy, it would, with some exceptions, not be, as a rule, very favorable. Then, however, the piano, on account of its poverty of tone and eminently ideal character, is no instrument for a nation that seeks and finds the greatest charm of musical enjoyment in sensually

* From the Berlin Echo. Translated for the London Musical World.

* A similar plan is pursued at the Prague Conservatory, but, most probably, that establishment was formed on the model of the Conservatory of Naples.

† See Adolph Stahr's *Ein Jahr in Italien*.

beautiful but, so to speak, tonally elementary melody.

That, on the other hand, since Verdi gave his compositions to the world, vocal art has visibly fallen off in Italy needs no longer any corroboration. As I was about leaving, I found an opportunity, which I had greatly desired, of making the personal acquaintance of the Maestro Saverio Mercadante, whose opera, *La Vestale*, I had heard in Rome. The grey-haired artist, who is nearly seventy years of age, and who, three years ago, had the misfortune to become totally blind, was delivering an address to a large number of the pupils, attended by some of the professors. He is a man of small, spare stature. His head was covered with a little velvet cap. He was sitting, in a dignified attitude, upon a sofa, while those present respectfully formed a semi-circle round him. He spoke in a clear and sharply accented voice, his words being enforced by animated gestures. Sig. Pinto seized a fitting opportunity to introduce me. The sprightly old gentleman immediately broke off his address, and entered with me into a conversation, in which, with almost diplomatic dexterity, he gave utterance to some well-turned remarks on German music and musicians. He ended by courteously charging my conductor to see that I carried away with me a favorable impression of the Institution committed to his care.

The Neapolitans have no little reason for being, to a certain extent, proud of this Conservatory; for not only is it the oldest of its kind in Europe, but many celebrated artists, including some masters of the first rank, received their professional education there. Among them, I will mention only the following:—Scarlatti (the operatic composer), whose Christian name was Alessandro; Feo; Leo; Durante; Monteverde; Pergolesi; Paisiello; Cimarosa; Spontini; and many more. The library, kept in admirable order by Sig. Florimo, contains a most valuable collection of manuscripts of the above mentioned, and other pupils, more or less celebrated, of the Conservatory. Among the autographic MSS., I observed two operas by Feo; eleven operas by Leo; some sacred compositions by Durante; six operas by Alessandro Scarlatti; and several works by Pergolesi.

Sig. Florimo informed me that he is at present engaged in writing a copious history of the Naples Conservatory. It will no doubt contain some important contributions to the history of music, and, in consequence, its publication must be expected with interest.

VON WASIELEWSKI.

The Philosophy of the Fine Arts.

(From the North American Review.)

Philosophie der Schönen Künste: Architektur, Sculptur, Malerei, Musik, Poesie, Prosa. Von Ernst von Lasaulx. München: Literarisch-Artistische Anstalt der J. U. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 1896. [*Philosophy of the Fine Arts.* By Ernst von Lasaulx.]

Notwithstanding their creative activity as an artistic people, the Greeks did not philosophize deeply about art. Indeed, they were habitually inexact in all their classifications. Aristotle, for example, makes zoology, medicine, &c. branches of philosophy, and puts them in the same category with metaphysics. As regards the arts, he assumes that they are all imitations, and from this stand-point inquires, first, by what means the imitation is produced (form, color, tone, or word); secondly, what objects are imitated (emotions, actions, &c.); and thirdly, in what manner these objects are imitated. But he does not inform us what particular arts he would place under these several heads. He lays the foundation of a classification, but roars no superstructure upon it. Cicero divides the arts into silent (*quasi muta artes*), and speaking (*oratio et lingua*); the former are sculpture and painting, the latter are poetry and eloquence. Quintilian, applying to the arts the Aristotelian classification of the sciences, throws them into three groups: the theoretical (astronomy and philosophy); the practical (strategy, oratory, and dancing); and the poetical, comprising architecture, sculpture, and painting. These latter he also calls creative arts (*artes effectivæ*). In like manner the Neoplatonic Plotinus divides them, first, into imitative arts, sculpture, painting, and dancing, which imitate forms and motions, and music, which imitates the innate harmonies of the human soul; secondly the practical

arts, architecture and carpentry, which are expressions of the indwelling symmetry of the soul; and, thirdly, the theoretical arts, or those which are of a more ideal nature, such as geometry, poetry, oratory, and, highest of all, philosophy. The vice of these classifications obviously springs from the vagueness of the Greek and Latin terms which we are forced to translate by "the arts."

If now we turn to modern art-criticism, we find it equally arbitrary and unsatisfactory. Dante (*De Monarchia*, II.) remarks that art is conditioned by three things,—the spirit of the artist, the instrument which he employs, and the material in which he works; but he makes no distribution of the arts under this general principle. Kant (*Kritik der Urtheilskraft*, § 51) makes expression the basis of his classification. First, the speaking arts, poetry and eloquence; the latter of these treats a business of the understanding as if it were a free play of the imagination, whereas the former conducts a free play of the imagination as if it were merely a business of the understanding. Secondly, the formative arts, of which there are two subdivisions, those which are expressed in accordance with the truth of the senses (*Sinnenwahrheit*), comprising architecture and sculpture (*die Plastik*), and those which rest on an illusion of the senses (*Sinneschein*), including painting and landscape-gardening. Thirdly, the art of the beautiful play of the emotions, or music. Solger (*Ästhetik*, p. 257) assumes five fine arts, which he divides into two groups, viz. Poesy and Art (*Kunst*). The former he regards as the universal art, embracing in itself all the others. The latter he subdivides into symbolical (architecture and sculpture) and allegorical (painting and music). Hegel looks at art from different points of view, and gives a classification as seen from each. Historically considered, he distinguishes three principal forms: the symbolical, or the art-panteism of the Orient, the classical art of the Greeks and Romans, and the romantic art of the Christian nations of Western Europe. Again he speaks of the external art (architecture), the objective art (sculpture), and the subjective arts (painting, music, and poetry). Or, if we consider the sense to which the art appeals, we have architecture, sculpture, and painting, which appeal to the eye; music, which is addressed to the ear; and poetry, which speaks to the imagination. Or, finally distributing them into two groups, we have architecture and sculpture, which present the objective, and painting, music, and poetry, which express the innerness (*Innlichkeit*) of the subjective. Cousin places painting above sculpture and music, because it is more pathetic than the former and clearer than the latter, and expresses the human soul in a greater richness and variety of its sentiments. Poetry he calls the art *par excellence*. Architecture and gardening he puts together in one category, as the least free and lowest of the arts. It seems to us, however, more natural, following Kant's distribution, to associate gardening with painting, inasmuch as it is governed by the laws of perspective, and is picturesque rather than architectural. Fergusson divides the arts into three classes,—technic, æsthetic, and phonetic. The technic culminate in upholstery, the æsthetic in music, and the phonetic in eloquence. On this basis he erects a labyrinthian superstructure, through whose "wandering mazes" we have no disposition to conduct our readers.

It must be obvious to every one that all these classifications are more or less determined by *a priori* considerations, instead of being deduced from the nature and genesis of the arts and the law that controls their development. Every classification is imperfect, in so far as it is artificial. It is essential, therefore, to pursue a new method, to throw aside dogmatism and appeal to history, to study the arts in the process of their growth, and to adopt the arrangement into which we find them drawn by their natural affinities. The proper application of this method would render it necessary to trace the rise and progress of each art, and to show how the varying forces of nature, civilization, and social life have operated in developing and modifying man's artistic faculty; but this discussion is too broad for our present limits, and we must rest satisfied with a mere statement of the results to which such an investigation would lead.

By the fine arts, then, we mean architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry and prose. These may be divided into two equal groups. The first three, architecture, sculpture, and painting, address themselves to the eye, speaking to it in the dialect of form; they may therefore be called the arts of formed representation,—formative or imaging arts. The last three, music, poetry, and prose, address themselves to the ear, and may be termed the arts of oral representation, or speaking arts. We have enumerated them in the order of their logical relations and of

their chronological development. The first of the fine arts in point of time, and the lowest as a means of expression, is architecture; the last in time and the highest [?] in expressiveness is prose. This classification corresponds to the historical growth of Grecian art. Art is originally an emanation of religious feeling. It springs from man's spiritual wants, which first seek expression in a rude symbolism. No pre-Hellenic people ever advanced beyond these religious beginnings of art. Such are the colossal temples of India, filled with gigantic images, monstrous in shape and yet every limb and lineament symbolical of certain divine attributes; also the monumental architecture of Egypt, massive and gloomy pyramids, obelisks emblematic of sacrificial flames, and all those stupendous structures that fringe the Nile from the Nubian desert to the Mediterranean. The Greeks were the first to idealize this symbolism and inspire it with a new principle, to modify it by intellectual and æsthetic culture, and melt it into a new metamorphosis, in which the sentiment of beauty blended with that of religion.

The six arts of which we have made mention rise one above the other, in a regular series; sculpture is higher than architecture, painting is higher than sculpture, music stands above painting, poetry above music, and prose [!] is the highest art of all. It will be observed, also, that in the exact ratio of the increase of the spiritual content of these arts there is a decrease of materiality in the form. In nature we see a progress from the inorganic to the organic, from organogens to living organisms, from the general substances and elementary bodies of chemistry to the special phenomena of physics, from the coral to the plant, from the plant to the animal, and from the animal to man; each "striving to ascend, and ascending in its striving." The stone or the metal, in its highest form of crystal, mimics the delicacy of the flower; the flower, with its organic functions and motions and the variegated plumage of its petals, is assimilated to the butterfly that hovers on free wings above it; and in the social life and cunning instincts of the bee, the bird, the ant, and the spider are typically foreshadowed the intelligence and moral affections of man. Each of these in the rising scale of creation is the realization of that which is below it, and the mute prophecy of that which is above it. In like manner there is a progress in art from architecture to sculpture, from sculpture to painting, from painting to music, from music to poetry, and from poetry to prose. All these have their root in a common sentiment; they are all manifestations of religious feeling working through the imagination, and there is no instance on record of supreme excellence in art, except in times of religious enthusiasm or among a people distinguished for religious sensibility. Art first built a temple to the gods, consecrated it with their images, beautified it with pictures of sacred scenes out of their lives, celebrated their praises in music and poetry, and, finally, recorded the fact and philosophized about it in prose. Thus in all its forms and creations it is but an expression of these first, deepest, and holiest emotions of the human soul.

The theory enunciated by Vitruvius and recently by Hope, and tacitly assumed by Ruskin, that architecture had its origin in the rude efforts of man to shelter himself from the inclemencies of the sky, is not only false in principle, but at variance with fact. The hut of the shepherd, the tent of the nomad, the wigwam of the savage, and the cave of the troglodyte, which have been regarded as so many germs of architecture, have really no more connection with it than the den of the tiger or the lair of the wolf. It was from the impulse of religious feeling, and not under the stimulus of physical wants, that man became an architect. The temple is older than the house. Indeed, such a thing as domestic architecture was unknown previous to the Roman Empire. According to the old Hebrew legend, Adam built an altar to God before he put a roof over his own head. The earliest and rudest structures now existing on the face of the earth were dedicated to deities.

Much misconception will be avoided if we remember that a temple is not necessarily an edifice. This may be its accidental form, but does not constitute its distinctive character. It is essentially, as the etymology implies, (*τέμενον*, to cut off or set apart,) a consecrated spot, like that where Noah offered sacrifice when he issued from the ark. The hollow cedar containing a rudely carved image of the Arcadian goddess, of which Pausanias (VIII. 13. 2) speaks, was as much a temple as the Parthenon or the Pantheon. Indeed, the first temples seem to have been hollow trees in which images were placed; the Dodonean Jupiter dwelt in a beech, the Ephesian Diana in an elm, and it was not until 600 B. C. that she was honored with a temple in marble; and among the Germanic nations of Northern Europe, we find that

the three gods of the ancient Prussians were worshipped in a sacred oak at Romove.* A Druidical circle of rough stones, like the celebrated Stonehenge, is as truly a temple as the classic peristyle. It may consist of a mound of earth, a solitary column, or a high rock like that on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, which the aborigines were accustomed to crown with wreaths of leaves and flowers; they are all alike sacred offerings to the gods, the tree and the monolith, as well as

"Doric pillars,
Cornice and frieze, with bossy sculptures graven."

The Egyptian obelisk in Rome on whose granite sides are inscribed hieroglyphic hymns in praise of the sun, is as truly a temple as is the Basilica of St. John Lateran, before which it stands. The cavern, or the rude lodge of wattled saplings, in which the primitive man found protection against heat and cold, may be the origin of house-building; but it is the stone pillar or the hollow-tree with the consecrated image in which we must seek the origin of temple-building, which is the source and genesis of all architecture.

Common usage applies the word *architecture* to every beautiful edifice; but there is essentially as much difference between temple-building and house-building, as there is between a moral and a meteorological necessity. In house-building everything is made subordinate to comfort and convenience. There may be displayed much mathematical knowledge and mechanical skill, but these do not raise it to the dignity of a fine art: it is still a handicraft. A house thus designed with inflexible reference to utility is no more architecture than a ship or a railroad. It may turn out to be beautiful, and so may the ship, which was built only to do service against wind and wave, or the steam-car, which moves wholly in obedience to mercenary impulses towards economical ends. The same movement of muscle may mould dough to make bread or clay to make statues, but how different is the spiritual process in each case. Architecture among the Greeks was never associated with the idea of use, and they made no pretensions to it in the construction of private dwellings. Athens was by no means a fine city like some of our modern ones, with whole streets of palaces occupied as the residences of private citizens. A stranger could have walked from the Piræus all through the lower town without imagining himself to be in the city which contained the greatest masterpieces of architecture. He would observe these only as he approached the public square and the Acropolis. We learn from Herodotus (V. 62) how small and insignificant, according to our notions, were the houses in which men like Themistocles and Aristides lived. As luxury increased, dwellings were built on a larger scale, but even these made no claims to architectural beauty, and did not rank among works of art. Yet they were regarded by the public with suspicion. Such was the house of Midias, the Athenian millionaire, which he erected at Eleusis, and for which he was severely censured by Demosthenes. Architecture put to private uses would have been to the Grecian mind an ostentation bordering on impiety. It was employed solely and sacredly in the construction of temples till after the Persian war, when it was applied also to theatres, concert-halls, porticos, gymnasia, and public squares; but this too was a sacred use, inasmuch as all these places and edifices were dedicated to some divinity.*

It is true that in the heroic age we discover a tendency to beautify the residences of princes and make them objects of art; such were the mansions of Menelaus and Alcinoüs, as described in the fourth and seventh books of the *Odyssey*. But it must be remembered that these palaces were essentially palace-temples, and that with them was associated the idea of hero-worship. Art can never develop itself freely when it comes in contact with utility. The Greeks scrupulously avoided this antagonism. The best house-builders in Athens would not have presumed to place themselves on a level with Ictinus and Kallikrates, the builders of the Parthenon. However great their constructive skill, they were still mechanics and not architects. Posterity did not treasure their names; they passed away and were forgotten with the cessation of those physical wants which it

was their sole office to supply; whilst the memory of the architect remained as imperishable as the divine conceptions which he sought to express. Secular architecture grew up out of national decay and religious degradation. With the dedication of the Roman Emperors certain parts of the temples were transferred to the imperial palaces. Julius Cæsar was the first man who adorned his house with a pediment, and even he was permitted to do it only by a special decree of the Senate. Thus gradually, and as it were under protest, began the decline of sacred architecture. The change advanced with the degeneracy of the people and the darkening of the religious consciousness. Columns were attached to the villas, and private dwellings were decorated with pilasters and rich entablatures. This desecration of the temple-style culminated in the famous "Golden House" of Nero, in the vestibule of which stood his own colossal statue one hundred and twenty feet high. The distinction between house and temple being thus broken up, sacred architecture became rapidly secularized in the midst of a vast material civilization, which seems almost to have defied roads, bridges, aqueducts, triumphal arches, the circus, and the Colosseum.*

* Among the Romans, religion was degraded into a mere function of the state; and patriotism (an intense but narrow sentiment) became the inspiring principle of art as well as of morals. Thus the themes of Roman sculpture were not religious, but patriotic and represented, not gods, but heroes; they sought their ideals of excellence, not in the genealogical records of Olympus, but in the annals of their own robust virtue and prowess.

(To be continued.)

The Overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.*

Great in all things, in counterpoint as in melody, Mozart must naturally have preferred to the strict Fugue that which is termed the *free*, and which, admitting of a blending of the two opposite styles, opened an unlimited field to the universality of his genius. His finest work in this kind had been the finale to the Symphony in C (the "Jupiter"). Many amateurs find all fugues alike. But surely no one will maintain this of the finale to the Symphony, and of our overture; for these two works no more resemble one another than they do the thousands of fugues, which have preceded them or followed them, and they can only be compared together to bring out their absolute contrast all the more. The finale rests upon four rival themes, whose combination irresistibly and above all calls up the image of a gigantic conflict. The severe taste, the original harshness of the counterpoint is felt in many passages, and the harmonic fermentation, which arises from the collision of these hostile elements, and which is so very grateful to the ear of the connoisseur, is for the majority of dilettanti but a senseless discord, as I have had occasion enough to convince myself personally. There is no easy ear-tickling in that music. The work seems to address itself as much to the critical intelligence as to the fancy of the hearer; and if there are few compositions which so seize upon one by their grandeur and their power, there are perhaps none which for their right appreciation require a more cultivated musical insight.

Imagine now the opposite of what has just been said, and you will have a pretty good idea of the overture. This has but one theme, and even in the development of this one theme the science of the composer appears still more wonderful, if possible, than it has been in the most prodigious movements of the finale. Between the theme and the counter-theme there exists no appearance of conflict, not once a single shadow of opposition. All is pure and clear. All is heavenly in the harmony of this fugue, all streams in most melodious splendor, all is euphonious enjoyment, rapture, inexpressible charm, alike for the learned musician and for the common music-lover, in short for all musical ears. Mozart wished that the introduction to the piece should bespeak attention with an at once solemn and mystical authority, and with the most *éclatant* euphony, as if the slow tempo should say to one: "Prepare yourself to be apprised of something which you never heard before, and which no one will ever let you hear again."

It were an error to believe, that the unique euphony and magic charm, which make of the Allegro such a ravishing music to everybody, merely affect us more, because the conditions of the fugued style here are mitigated; in other words, because the work is not a strict and regular fugue. It is as learned a work as ever proceeded from a head that would know of nothing short of Double Counterpoint and Canon. To the main laws of the genus Mozart has added furthermore the unity of thought. Although this fugue is free, it is still almost without interrup-

tion; it is formed in the mere subject; that subject never leaves you for a moment. In the fugue you hear it as the *Dux* and *Comes* (leader and companion); in the melodic portion of the overture it accompanies the song passages, which come in like solos; and it is its image, again, which is reproduced more or less in fragments by the *tutti* of the orchestra. Without the subject the least particulars of the work were inconceivable! This theme is a veritable enchanter; it possesses the gift of infinite self-transformation. It assumes all forms; it flies off in sparks, it dissolves in shimmering rose-colored drops, it rounds itself into a globe, it sprinkles itself in pearly rain, it flashes in diamonds and overflows the green lap of the fields like an enamelled flowery carpet; or it rises like a gentle mist into the upper regions. But various as the splendor is of these fantastical creations, perpetually interweaving, still it is not given to it to divest itself of its original form. Whether it appear as a Jack-o-lantern or as a thundering meteor, we, the clairvoyant spectators, always recognize it. When its figure is but little or not at all disguised (that is to say, so long as the composition continues a fugue), it constantly regenerates itself from itself, flings itself back and re-unites in *infinitum*; it creeps in everywhere in the accompaniment to another subordinate form (the counter-subject), which, like the gossip, or to speak more reverently, the *famulus* of the magician, transforms itself as dexterously as he does. Suddenly the chase disperses itself in a multitude of little parcels. An enchanting, shining apparition steps into its place. Verily, this is it no longer! Nevertheless it is it; examine it closely and you will see the fragments of its original form, flung off in all directions, quivering in space and gathering like a halo round the apparition, into which it has transformed a portion of its substance. (The solos, accompanied by fragments of the fugue.)

Suddenly all has vanished. A serious and solemn summons, thrice repeated in the same expressions, a peremptory will, before which the necromancer's might must bow, has scattered the enchantment. Is the magic spectacle all over? No, only the first act. Our hobgoblin of a theme must know the principle of progression of interest; but how enhance the miracle already wrought? We shall see. The Allegro begins again and the subject comes back, this time however under a wholly different physiognomy, transposed into B flat minor. The counter-theme takes also a new form and a new gait; here begins the middle period and we penetrate into the sanctum of the enchanter, which one might fancy to be lighted by the soft and pallid fire of a moonlight rainbow. Whence come all these siren voices, singing unknown words? In what firmament shine those stars, that group themselves in melodious and mystic constellations in the flute and fagotto, which whisper in the strings and stream out in the oboes like a long train of light? The bliss of an inextinguishable supernatural contentment permeates the soul, caressingly, from all sides. Soon clearest day illumines the scene. The theme gathers itself into a bright focus, and the counter-subject, darting its beams to all parts of the world, lets off fireworks, whose petards, rockets, bomb-shells, Roman candles start off one by one, mount into the air, hiss, crackle, dazzle, go out and rain sparks upon you as they fall, so that you know not where to turn. The variations of the theme fly every way, intermingling with the pieces of those magic fireworks, or if you prefer, those gleaming northern lights. Again some fragments of the first half of the overture present themselves, yet, be it understood, with transformations, since, as little as it lies in the nature of the subject wholly to conceal itself, past finding out, so little can it for an instant remain altogether like itself.

The concluding sentence, in melodic style and beginning with a *crescendo*, is of a grandiose and original effect, full of reverberation and of majesty. Here something comes along, something, which is little in the outset, but which swells more and more and soon attains to an enormous volume, and waves its gigantic wings, with the roar of the hurricane, over the hearer's head. In the midst of the heaviest storm resounds a reminiscence of the theme towards the close, through the stunning *unisons* of the entire orchestra.

In this way has the overture to the *Zauberflöte* become the crown of all instrumental music, *nunc et in secula*. (!)

We must now speak of the psychological meaning of this work; although in this connexion it hardly admits of comment in a positive manner. In the other overtures of Mozart the thought is always unmistakably explained by the contents of the poem. But here we have essentially pure music, a music limited in its development and its effects by no pre-

* Volgt, *Geschichte Preussens*, I. 580, 586.

* What is here said of architecture is, of course, true of all the fine arts. Pausanias, who travelled through Greece in the second century of the Christian era, and described the works of art then existing, does not mention a single one as the property of a private citizen. So when Verres plundered Sicily, his accusers, who cannot be supposed to have concealed anything, charge him with carrying off only public works of art; at the same time, it is said that he appropriated these treasures wherever he could find them; and if private persons had possessed such works of art, nothing would have prevented him from taking them. To be sure, Cicero speaks of four statues taken from a certain Helus. But they stood in his *sacrum* or chapel, not in his house, and were therefore public, in the sense of being consecrated to a religious use.

* Translated for *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Nov. 1852.

determined condition. The commentary upon such a work will always be correct, if every one on hearing it will describe whatever enchantment he has felt, whatever splendor he has dreamed. Perhaps these individual glosses will not differ from one another so very much in men in whom the poetic instinct reveals itself most manifestly through a lively tendency to harmony. Perhaps it would be found that our overture had an analogous root in the dreams of childhood, while just approaching the age of maturity, when reason has not yet wholly broken through the shell, passion still sleeps, but is already just beginning to awake, and fancy with its partiality for the marvellous reigns almost uncontrolled. Every age has, we know, its characteristic dreams, which do not show themselves in the other periods of life. Who of us can be so unfortunate as to have wholly lost the memory of the dreams he had at the age of from nine to twelve; who can have lost entirely out of recollection all those lovely images which then floated round him? But no one will forget also the bitter illusions which followed upon that waking, and the tears which wetted the pillow of the child, torn from his enrapturing visions!

Here arises a question of the highest interest. How could a fugue, and indeed one of the most learned, blend with the character of ravishing enchantment, that we find in it? To that we know no answer. We might say, to be sure, that the invention of the subject was one of those happy accidents of genius, which are so rare that perhaps they never twice occur to genius itself. In fact a village organist might have invented the four bars of the theme as well as Mozart. But what would he have made of it? One of those contrapuntal skeletons with two or three legs, as Beethoven humorously called them, in the remarks he wrote upon the margin of his studies. The pearls would have changed into millet for the cock. I go still farther and ask, whether among all old and modern contrapuntists there be one found, who would not in regard to this pearl have been a cock? Bach would have made a Bach fugue, Handel a Handelian fugue of it; very beautiful and very learned works they would have been, greatly admired by connoisseurs, but in which the profane would have found small relish, and which would always remain fugues in the ears of all the world. The only lapidary, capable of setting the pearl in such way that everybody, that is to say all ears, could recognize its priceless worth, was named Mozart. And he it was who found it.

It must not be overlooked, that the material effect contributed much to the popularity of this wondrous work. If the instrumentation of our day has made some progress compared with the symphonies and overtures before Mozart, this progress was in every respect overtaken by the overture to the *Zauberflöte*. In the first place Mozart has combined in it all the instruments which could be employed in the orchestra at the end of the last century; he has carried the number of voices beyond twenty,—a thing which he has never before done in any of his instrumental compositions. A still more important distinction is, that the wind instruments have as much to do as the quartet, if not more. Finally Mozart in no one of his other works has married the tone-colors with so much charm and seductiveness, or distributed the roles of the Symphony in a manner better suited to the special talents of the actors. From the violins and flutes even to the kettle-drums, all are constantly employed in the most advantageous manner. And therein lies, as we have said, the whole improvement of the present instrumental system: a dazzling euphony, a deep calculation of material effect and the lending of a new importance to the younger instruments of the orchestra, namely the wind instruments, which for more than a century had been subordinated to the string instruments. Study the passages and combinations of our overture and you will find that they have served as patterns for the most richly instrumented compositions of Beethoven and of other very much younger masters.

Such was the last secular work of Mozart, the last and most wonderfully perfect in respect of style. Already for some years the flame of life had been growing pale upon the young man's brow and was extinguished in his bosom. The productive energy of the artist was also on the wane, although at a much slower and almost imperceptible rate. But this dying flame seems suddenly to cast a new splendor about it; this enfeebled energy all at once overflows with a development of luxury and of fancy, to which Mozart had not yet accustomed his admirers; the swan has a tuned his faraway song; the dying man utters his *novissima verba*, as the ancients used to say, exalted words, in which the spirit of Mozart, half freed from its integument, appears to us as if it were already beginning to become transfigured; words which every one hears in the "Requiem" and in the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, which was its brilliant

and immortal prelude. The image of paradise connects itself with the images upon his death-bed!

Besides this biographical signification of the Swan-song, the queen of fugues has still another, which assigns to it an ever memorable place in the annals of art.

As Mozart had included the poetic life under all its phases in the greatest of his operas, so too he had summed up therein the totality of his nature in regard to the means of musical expression, which was as it were the outward manifestation of that nature. *Don Giovanni* indicated on a grand scale the earthly mission of our hero in the eyes of all the world; a more summary and more special account rendered before artistic people had also to sum up the universality of Mozart's style in its technical and historical relations. How reads the commission of the predestined composer? *To gather up the harvest of the centuries, and to combine it in the present, past and future of music.* Faithful to this vocation and arrived at the end of his career, Mozart seems to have drawn up in notes for the musicians a report, of some twenty pages, upon the manner in which he had fulfilled the instructions of Providence. We find therein the clearest melody, the most ideal sense, the most fascinating results of material euphony, the most splendid instrumentation, new and even modern effects, in union with the anti-melodic and anti-expressive form of the old fugue. Nay more, all this was strictly deduced from this form; without this it would have been just nothing. In these twenty and odd pages the fundamental law of every work of art: Unity and Variety, was observed with such an absolute power of concentration and of radiant diffusion, that there are no two combinations to be found in it whose similarity amounts to identity, and not one, in which you do not see the same creative thoughts flash back.

JINGLING PIANOS. Amongst the minor troubles to which music-loving mortals are liable, a jingling note in the piano must assuredly find a place. It is a very small matter, it is true, but it is excessively annoying, and the more so as it generally baffles all endeavors to find out the cause. Many of our readers have doubtless spent an hour or so in such an investigation, perhaps on more than one occasion, and without success. One jingling note in a piano is quite sufficient to spoil the effect of the finest piece of music, and instead of soothing has rather the effect of irritating the savage breast. In the first place, it must be recollected that the ear is exceedingly defective in the power of judging of the direction of a sound; and it is upon this defect that the ventriloquist depends for the marvellous displays to which we are accustomed. We must also remember that a body capable of producing a sound of a certain pitch may be set in vibration by sounding the fundamental note of the body. Thus the glass globes of the chandelier may be caused to sound simply by singing the note which they respectively give out when put into vibration by a blow; and it is said that a singer with a very powerful voice is able to break a wine glass by merely singing the fundamental note in close proximity. The particles of the glass are caused to vibrate so powerfully as to overcome their cohesion, thus acting in precisely the same manner as a sharp blow. The vibrations thus induced are called sympathetic vibrations; and it is on this principle that most of the jingling in pianos and other stringed instruments is to be explained. In fact, the noise is not in the instrument at all; but is due to some object in the room which is caused to vibrate sympathetically whenever a certain note is struck.

The subject has recently been investigated by Professor Page of the United States, who is well known for several ingenious electro-magnetic experiments, and also for the discovery of the fact that a soft iron bar, when suddenly magnetized, gives out a musical note. The results of his investigation into the cause of the jingle of certain notes on the pianoforte and other musical instruments have been communicated by him to the *Scientific American*. Professor Page relates an instance of a new piano which had a jingling note, which for some time defied all efforts to discover the cause. Whilst one person continued to strike the offending note, another went about the room touching everything which could possibly be set in vibration. At last the cause was found to be in a clock on the mantelpiece. The striking part had run down, and upon winding it up the jingle ceased. In another case the cause was found to be due to two loose panes of glass in the windows. When the loose squares were wedged up the instrument gave a perfectly clear note, and on the removal of the wedges, the jingle instantly recommenced. In some cases a slight change in the position of the piano will stop the noise, or transfer it to other notes. To account for this, Professor Page says, "It is probable that absolute unison is necessary to produce the

sympathetic sounds to any notable degree, and that the motion of the instrument upon the floor produces a change of tension, either on or in something without the instrument so as to affect the result."

In case of annoyance from a jingling piano, it would be well, therefore, before condemning the instrument, to make careful search amongst the window panes, chimney ornaments, lamp shades, and other objects capable of being put into vibration. A few minutes will generally be sufficient to remedy the evil.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The correspondent of the *London Orchestra* (Nov. 20) writes:

"*Mignon*," opera comique in three acts and five tableaux, arranged by the inseparable MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré (known as the Siamese librettists), music by M. Ambroise Thomas, was given on Saturday last at the Opera Comique. I feel a strong temptation to send you a splendid article, of at least a dozen columns, on Goethe and "*Wilhelm Meister*," but as, after all, you never did me any harm, I refrain, and will, in as few words as possible, sketch out the arrangement the authors have thought fit to adopt. The first act introduces us to the actress, *Philine*, who is in coquette with *Wilhelm Meister*; and we have all the scene in which he rescues *Mignon* from her master, "*le grand diable*." The old harpist, *Lothario*, is also introduced, and sings flat. Act 2. *Mignon* is costumed as a page, and accompanies her master to *Philine's* house. She is left alone for a short time, and, seeing the handsome dresses of the *comédienne*, she cannot resist the temptation of trying them on. *Wilhelm* arrives at this moment, and tells her that they must part. Despair of *Mignon*, &c.; consolations from the old harpist, who again sings flat, and sets fire to the house. *Mignon* is saved from absolute calcination by *Wilhelm*. We find them in the last Act at Venice in an ancient palace, formerly the property of the harpist, who turns out to be *Count Ceprano* and the father of *Mignon*. *Philine*, who has followed *Wilhelm Meister*, graciously gives her consent to his union with *Mignon*, and *tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes*. Compare this sketch with the original work and see which you like best. *Monsieur Ambroise Thomas's* music is simply charming. Setting aside the trivial character of the part of *Philine*, for whom of course—as represented by Mme. Cabel—more "*cocottes*" than melodies are required, the rest of the score is admirable. *Mignon's* song in the first act, "*Kenst du das Land*," is a beautiful inspiration, and is the more worthy of notice on account of the difficulty of setting it to music after Beethoven's lovely version. A duet for contralto and basso "*Légères: Hirondelles*," the which birds MM. Barbier and Carré inform us are "*armés de Dieu*;" another duet for the same "*Tu connais la douleur*," a romance for *Wilhelm*, his love duet with *Mignon*, and a trio in which the father recovers his long lost "child" are the most remarkable numbers, to which may be added the opening chorus, full of melody, and fresh and gay as a morning of spring.

M. Ambroise Thomas is the chief of our young composers. I say "young" composers, for a musician generally begins to have a name at fifty. Ask M. Auber. M. Thomas is a professor of composition at the Conservatoire, Membre de L'Institut, and Officier de la Legion d'Honneur. His musical education was given him at the Conservatoire by Zimmermann, for the piano; Dourlen (harmony), and Lesueur (Composition). After receiving a first prize for piano in 1829, M. Thomas obtained the Grand Prix de Rome in 1832. His first opera was "*La Double Echelle*," 1837; this was followed by "*Le Peuquier de la Régence*," 1838; "*La Gipsy*," ballet at the opera, 1839; "*Le Panier Fleuri*," opera comique in the same year; "*Carline*," 1840, &c. M. Thomas's real success dates from "*Le Caïd*" (1849), a charge of the Italian style of writing, which answered remarkably well, and is still a stock piece in the repertoire of the Opera-Comique. "*Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*," which has nothing but its title in common with "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*," and in which Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare, and Falstaff are the principal characters, was given in 1850, and placed M. Thomas at the head of the young school. Add to the works already named, "*Raymond*," 1851; "*La Tonelli*," 1853; "*Psyche*" (a real chef-d'œuvre), and "*Le Carnaval de Venise*," both in 1857; and you will admit that what they call here the composer's "musical baggage" is sufficiently imposing. M. Thomas does not belong to the school of anti-melo-

dist; his ideas are always elegant, in perfect form, and sometimes of a very high character. His orchestral writing is acknowledged to be that of a real maître; and in everything that he composes there exists a certain touch, scarcely to be defined, and which can only be explained by saying that you feel that it is written by a gentleman; and this quality gives a relief to the ordinary portions of his works, and an additional enjoyment to the best written numbers. Now a word for the actors; *Mignon* was represented by Mme. Galli-Marie, and a better choice could not have been made. This lady had already "created" the page in "*Lara*" and the Bohemian girl in "*Fior d'Alza*," and this last impersonation of *Mignon*, given with the greatest poetic feeling, has fixed her in her proper place as the best interpreter of what we may call real "character" parts that we have among the lady artists of the present day. Her singing of the romance in act I (alluded to above), her rendering of the words "*Tu connais la douleur*," the furious outburst of her Bohemian instinct when she says "*Ah! cette Philine! je la hais*," were really fine. The love duet with *Wilhelm Meister* in the last act is not only a charming musical composition, but is arranged by the régisseur, M. Mocker, with a rare talent of *mise en scène*. Instead of the stereotyped stage business, with "cross n., cross L." &c., *Mignon* is leaning against a window, with the moonlight streaming on her countenance, and the whole scene between the two passes in one corner of the vast *salle* of the Venetian palace. Mme. Galli-Marie has adopted the costume of Ary Scheffer's painting, and her poses and acting in this duet and the "recognition" trio are really splendid. M. Achard has what we call an "ungrateful" part as *Wilhelm*, as far as acting is concerned; but the musical portion of his task is good, and he sings it well. It seems strange to ask an artist to be a little less careful, but really if M. Achard would try a little *impromptu* from time to time, I, for one, would not blame him. He is so fearfully methodical that I feel inclined to believe what M. Vizentini says of him in the "*Charivari*":—"M. Achard carries a note-book in his pocket, and inscribes his impressions after each scene, thus:—Mme. * * * forgot a demisemiquaver rest in the *Andante* in A flat: had something in my throat in giving my B in alt, but got rid of it in time; the public was indulgent; got to the theatre too late, dinner being behind time; must scold my wife on that account; dressed hastily in consequence; called before the curtain at the end of Act I; my boots are tight—music charming—I must change them." Monsieur Coudere, the Charles Mathews of the Opera Comique, plays *Laertes*, a comedian, admirably, and is very useful in Act. 2, which "linguishes." The *Harpiet Count* is represented by M. Bataille. Mme. Cabel is the *Philine*. She has nothing to do but vocalize, and that she does admirably. The part is not sympathetic, and is only saved from utter condemnation by the music the composer has allotted to her. *Somme toute*, a success, and a run of at least sixty nights, if not more.

Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* in D was performed (for the first time in Paris) on the 22nd Nov., in the church of St. Eustache, under the direction of M. Padeloup. The occasion was the festival of the patron saint, Cecilia.

The sixth Concert Populaire of classical music in the Cirque Napoléon, on the 25th ult., had for programme: Beethoven's 1st Symphony; Schumann's *Genoëva* Overture; Adagio from a Haydn Quartet, by all the strings; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Joachim; and Wallace's Overture to *Lorelei*. Padeloup conducted.—In the preceding concert were given: Overture to *Fidelio* (in E); Symphony No. 29, by Haydn; Allegro (op. 58), Mendelssohn; Beethoven's Concerto in D for piano, No. 6, [it must mean the Violin Concerto as arranged by B. for piano], played by M. Theo. Ritter; Overture to *Oberon*.

M. Fétis, the historian of "*La Marseillaise*," known as an expert in finding out "mares' nests"—has discovered—so he assures the *Gazette Musicale*—the entire plan and programme of Beethoven's "*Pastoral* Symphony," in an orchestral work by Knecht, an obscure musician, belonging to the Palatinate, who wrote in defence of his master, the Abbé Vogler, and who lived a quiet life, and produced heaps of those compositions, carefully made, yet without a spark of imagination. Knecht's "*Musical Portrait of Nature, or Grand Symphony*," published A.D. 1784, and prefaced by a programme, is in five divisions, which may be shortly described thus:—"A beautiful smiling landscape, with birds, brooks and

shepherds."—"The darkening of the sky and the rising of the wind."—"The storm."—"The clearing off of the storm."—"The joy of Nature, and its grateful praise of the Almighty." What is more curious still, another of Knecht's compositions bears the title of "*Peasants' Dance interrupted by a Storm*."

Germany.

COLOGNE.—The programme of the second Gürzenich concert consisted of Overture (Jul. Tausch); Aria for soprano from *Scipione* (J. Ch. Bach), Mme. Rudersdorff; Fantasia for Violoncello (A. Schmidt), Herr A. Schmidt; Canzonet (Haydn), Mme. Rudersdorff; Adagio and Finale from Concerto in B minor (Hummel), Mme. Johnson Gräver; Finale from *Lorelei* (Mendelssohn), and Sinfonie in D minor (Schumann)—Sig. and Mad. Marchesi gave a concert on the 13th inst., in the Hôtel Disch. A great feature of the evening were some songs, by Ferdinand Hiller, for three Female Voices, sung by eighteen pupils of the Conservatory. The other vocal pieces were Schumann's "*Franenliebe und Leben*," Mme. Marchesi; two duets composed by Ferdinand Hiller for Sig. and Mme. Marchesi; duet from Rossini's *Semiramide*; air from "*La Resurrezione*, by Handel; Schubert's "*Erk König*," and "*Pourquoi*." The instrumental pieces were Mozart's Variations for Four Hands, and some movements from Ferdinand Hiller's *Opérette ohne Worte*, played by Herren Hiller and Gernsheim.

The programme of the third Gürzenich Concert was varied and interesting in every respect, and the English public may be proud to have been represented by an eminent composer and a highly gifted singer. The composer in question was Jules Benedict. The singer was Miss Marianne Hayne, a pupil of the Conservatorium. Benedict contributed the overture to the "*Tempest*," which was capitally rendered by the famous orchestra under F. Hiller, and enthusiastically applauded by the large and select audience. Miss Hayne, who is endowed with a splendid soprano voice and a capital method, sang the air from the "*Creation*," "*With verdure clad*" (in German), to perfection. An interesting feature of the programme was the unfinished Symphony, No. 2 (*Allegro, Andante, and Scherzo*) by Robert (Norbert?) Burgmüller, born in Dusseldorf, 1810, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle, 1836. It is a remarkable work, full of melodies and delicately scored, belonging to the calm romantic school of Haydn and Mozart rather than to the heroic and dramatic *métier* of Beethoven. The *Scherzo*, as being immensely fresh and taking, was the most successful part of this fine symphony. Julius Stockhausen, the well-known *Liedersänger* and Musikdirector in Hamburg, sang on the same evening the *aria buffa*, "*Il mio piano è preparato*," from "*La Gazza Ladra*," by Rossini. This aria, calculated as it is for the stage alone, produces no effect at all in a concert room, and although masterly sung and adorned with the most arduous agility did not meet this time with a better chance than usual. Besides this air requires the *vis comica* of Ronconi (who always produced a great effect with it in London), which Herr J. Stockhausen lacks completely. More successful was this gentleman in a ballad of Schumann, "*Die beiden Grenadiere*," which was unanimously encored. The Walpurgisnacht, Goethe and Mendelssohn, which closed the concert in splendid fashion, did not at all answer the expectation of the disappointed audience. The tenor, an *ex-primo*, was a very unpoetical production in every respect. The contralto was unwell, and sang her little solo *sotto voce*. Stockhausen got hoarse as usual, and the chorus had not sufficiently rehearsed the work.

At the next Gürzenich concert we shall hear the "*Saul*" of F. Hiller, the soprano solo of which will be sung by a pupil of the Conservatorium, who is in possession of a quality of voice and talent à la Lind. Her name is Fräul. Mathilde Bodinus, the daughter of the director of the zoological garden here.

LEIPSIK.—The works performed at the fourth Gewandhaus Concert were: Symphony, No. 8, Beethoven; "Entr'acte" from *Medea*, Cherubini; "Pascaglia" (C minor), and "Toccata" (F major), Bach, scored for full band by Esser; Recitative and Aria for soprano, with *obligato* piano, Mozart; Cantata, Stradella; "Siciliana," Handel; and "*Pastorelle*," Haydn. The vocal pieces were admirably sung by Mme. Rudersdorff.—On the 4th inst., was given the first of the series of Soirées for Chamber Music announced by Herren David, Röntgen, Hermann, and Hegar. The programme consisted of Stringed Quartet in G, from Opus 9, Beethoven; Quartet in E minor, from Opus 44, Beethoven; and "*Divertissement*" in D major, for Stringed Instruments and two Horns, Mozart.—At the second con-

cert of the Euterpe Association, the works selected were Overture to *Leonore*, No. 3, Beethoven; Schumann's C-major Symphony; two Duets: "*Schönes Mädchen, wirst mich hassen*," from *Jessonda*, and "*Theures Mädchen, sagte er*," from *Templer und Jüdin*, sung by Mdle. Blazcek and Herr Rebling. Mdle. Mehlig played Chopin's F. minor Concerto; Prelude and Fugue, E minor, Mendelssohn, [and "*Rhapsodie Hongroise*," C sharp major, Franz Listz,

Herr Röntgen will not accept the offer lately made him from St. Petersburg, but continue here as usual.—Riedel's Association performed Beethoven's grand *Missa Solennis* on the 23rd November.—At the third Euterpe Concert, the programme comprised the Overture to *Die Vestalin*, Spontini; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn; Two Songs for mixed Chorus ("*Süd oder Nord*," and "*Das Schifflein*"), R. Schumann; B flat minor Etude, Paganini; and "*Anacreon, oder Amor auf der Flucht*," Cherubini. The violin part was confided to Herr Auer from Hamburg, while the solos in Cherubini's works were sung by Mdle. Blazcek and Herr Rebling.—The fifth Gewandhaus Concert afforded the public an opportunity of hearing Lachner's Second Suite (E minor); Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; Pianoforte Pieces (Herr Reinecke); Beethoven's Concerto, No. 1 (C major); and Solo Pieces by Rameau, Couperin, and Kirnberger. Madame Rudersdorff sang Randegger's "*Save me, O God!*" a Scene and Aria by Mozart; and the Aria, "*O holder Schlaf*," from Handel's *Semle*.—Herr Gustav Schmidt, the composer of the operas, *Prinz Eugen* and *La Reide*, will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his conductorship on the 2nd inst.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—At the third Museum Concert, the band performed: C-major Symphony, Haydn; Entr'acte to *Rosamunde*, Franz Schubert; and Overture to *Abu Hassan*, Cherubini. Mad. Clara Schumann played Schumann's A-minor Concerto, together with some smaller pianoforte pieces; and Herr Hett sang some songs by Schubert and Schumann.

WIESBADEN.—The Intendant of the Theatre Royal has announced six Subscription Concerts, at which, in contradistinction to the displays of frivolous virtuosity forming the staple attraction at the concerts got up by the directors of the *Kurhaus*, classical works alone will constitute the programme. Herr Jahn has been selected as conductor, and the following works will be played at the first concert: Part First. "*Pascaglia*," J. S. Bach (scored by H. Esser); Recitative and Aria from *Rinaldo*, Handel (scored by Meyerbeer); Overture to *Ali Baba*, Cherubini; Serenade for five Female Voices, F. Schubert; Prelude to *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, R. Wagner. Part Second. Sinfonie in G major (6), J. Haydn.

BRESLAU.—The programme of the second concert given by the Orchestra-Verein contained a highly interesting Suite in D major (Bach), in which Dr. Damrosch took the violin solo. The second number was Beethoven's Triple Concerto (Op. 56), played by Dr. Damrosch, violin; Herr Seidel, piano; and Herr Grützacher, violoncello. The second part consisted of the Overture to *Guillaume Tell*; an original Fantasia, performed by Herr Grützacher; and Mozart's Symphony in G minor.

MUNICH.—The Count von Platen, Intendant under the late government at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, has been appointed to the same post at the Theatre Royal here. Herr Krempelsetzer, conductor at the Actientheatre, is engaged on an opérette entitled *Die Geister des Weins*. The members of the Oratorio Association, under the direction of Herr Rheinberger, are getting up Handel's *Saul*. Rheinberger's Symphony *Wallerstein* will, also, be produced shortly.

STRASBURG.—The *Société des Concerts* of the Conservatoire has given its first concert, directed by M. Hesselmanns, with this programme: Beethoven's Heroic Symphony; Air from Mozart's *Tito*, sung by Mme. Viardot; Mendelssohn's *Melissa* Overture; Scene from Gluck's *Alceste* (Mme. Viardot); March from the *Ruins of Athens*.

SWITZERLAND.—At the first Subscription Concert, in Zurich, under the direction of Herr Hegar, Beethoven's "*Sinfonia Eroica*," and Cherubini's overture to "*Lodoiska*," were performed. Joachim played a Concerto by Spohr, a Romance by Beethoven, and a Fantasia by Schumann. It is almost superfluous to add that the audience were in ecstasies with the great violinist.

Alfred Jaell has commenced his series of concerts in Switzerland, which he is to give in the chief towns successively.

Hans von Bülow has opened trio soirées at Basel.

A commemorative inscription is about to be set up on the house of Beethoven, at Bonn, where, after long research, it has been discovered to be that marked No. 515 of the Bonngasse.

A Conservatorium of Music has been founded in Heidelberg, under the leadership of Capellmeister Sutter.

A new opera by Gustav Härtel, entitled the "Carabineers," is being rehearsed at Schwerin.

Joachim, the great violinist, is engaged for six months at Paris, during the Great Exposition, by M. Pasdeloup. So also is Camilla Urso. Carlotta Patti is engaged by M. Carvalho for the same time.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 22, 1866.

Second Symphony Concert.

The sun *did* shine that Friday. Never came a day much finer for the 7th of December. Of course there was a large increase of audience; perhaps, however, with another programme it would have been still larger; for Schumann could scarcely be expected to draw as well as Beethoven; one cannot play his highest trump cards all the time. But these concerts seek to educate as well as charm. While they offer opportunities of hearing and enjoying the familiar, grandest compositions, the prime favorites, like the Beethoven Symphonies, the Mendelssohn and Weber Overtures, they must also introduce to our acquaintance less familiar works of known decided merit. There is always much demand for novelty in every audience; it is too commonly met by shallow novelties, new things of a sensational and questionable character, which run away with idle ears, dissipate the artistic unity of an occasion and unsettle tastes not yet perhaps sufficiently confirmed in the preference of what is best, though capable of becoming so by undistracted hearing of the best. A large proportion of last winter's programmes was composed of Symphonies, Concertos, Overtures, &c., wholly or nearly new to Boston audiences; works by true masters, who had the creative spark in them, though not in the same transcendent degree as Beethoven and Mozart. Thus in the six concerts we had a Symphony and Overture by Schumann wholly new to us; an Overture by Schubert wholly new, and his great Symphony, comparatively so to most hearers; two Overtures by Cherubini, one (to "Anacreon") wholly new, the other (to "The Water Carrier") new to most; the first Symphony by Gade, new to one generation at least of concert-goers; besides several unfamiliar works by masters better known. All these were listened to with pretty general interest and delight last year; among them, the success of the Schumann Symphony was quite remarkable; it was deeply enjoyed by the majority of a large audience, while not a few complained that they could not quite understand it, or that it taxed their attentive faculties too much. Those to whom it had become somewhat familiarized by rehearsal or other study, knew that it was good, that it was music to be welcomed even after Beethoven. Of the "Genoveva" Overture those who had studied it knew that it too was beautiful and worth many a hearing; but it some-

how did not seem to pass for its full worth with the audience. The fact that these works had been given once and had begun to be appreciated in itself good reason for now trying them again; "we desire better acquaintance" of such; and so, after a Beethoven and before a Mozart programme, Schumann came in not unfitly, thus:

Overture: "The Hebrides," Mendelssohn.
Piano-forte Concerto, in F minor. (Op. 14.) Henselt.
Allegro patetico.—Larghetto.—Allegro agitato.
Carlyle Petersilia.

Second Symphony, in C Major, (Op. 61.) Schumann.
Intro. and Allegro.—Scherzo.—Adagio.—Allegro vivace.
Fantasia Impromptu, in C-sharp minor, (Op. 68.) Chopin.
Carlyle Petersilia.

Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann.

The Symphony was certainly the most impressive portion of the concert, and seemed a very earnest, real thing after the more commonplace thoughts of the Concerto by Henselt. The presence of true genius, in one of its great creative efforts, happily inspired too, was unmistakable to most listeners; albeit with the many expressions of satisfaction since there have been mingled some complaints about the difficulty of understanding it, the strain upon the mind, &c. It was so with the yet greater Symphonies of Beethoven upon the first and second hearing. We shall not attempt to add to our former brief description of the work. It is true that there is in the first movement something a little sickly, some spasmodic and some dreamy traits, suggestions of pain and struggle to be sound and well; for, as Schumann said, that movement was composed in a period of illness, and it seems to typify a healthy resolution, summoning up power from the centre, to resist and overcome the flitting pains and wayward fancies of a fevered brain. But it is laid out upon a broad, clear plan, which it develops logically and with commanding power, and it is full of beauties both of melodic thoughts and harmony and instrumental color. The adherence to the one key, or rather the reference and tendency to the C major, throughout all the four movements with but little variation, is characteristic of the work. This in the slow introduction is marked in the bold, firm trumpet and horn tones while the strings move dreamily and sadly, in undertone, groping up into the daylight (the tonic) from the shadows of the subdominant. Again, too, the unity is felt in the way in which the leading themes of the Allegro are foreshadowed in passages of the introduction; indeed the whole Symphony has its germs there. The oftener you listen to that Allegro, the less you feel the sickness, and the more you enjoy the beauty and splendor of the triumph; the trumpet tones, challenging so boldly in the first bars, carry it.

The second movement is a true Scherzo, still in C, revelling in fine fairy sport, although perpetually modulating, as the leading melodic phrase woven into its whole texture keeps rapidly traversing diminished-seventh intervals. But how cheery those answering calls from flutes above and bassoons below, each in thirds! and how delightfully the latter climb to meet the former sometimes! If the joy is subtle, delicate and dreamy here, it becomes breezy and exhilarating in the triplets of the first Trio, (which returns into the Scherzo); and then a pensive mood comes over the same joy in the second Trio, where the staccato contrapuntal figure of the violas and cellos accompanies the even flow of the chief subject; and then how gracefully the moonlight fairy Scherzo theme steals back again!

In the Adagio (which, beginning in C minor,

ends in C major) the soul, set free by this magical power of Art in which it has thus far revelled, rises into tranquil ecstasy, "a deep dream of peace," where all is heavenly and beautiful. Possibly the conception is just 'enough beyond the power of perfect execution in an orchestra, sometimes to disturb the enjoyment a little; we allude to such places as those long climbing trills of the violins upon the very highest notes, which will sound a little shrill and creaky in any short of an ideal performance; but has not the composer a right to claim some ideality of the listener? In the Finale, the spirit rouses itself from the sweet, dreamy rapture of the Adagio into what one of Schumann's biographers calls "a jubilant, heaven-storming happiness." Ganyemed-like, you are borne aloft by Jove's strong eagle, and in the full noonday sunshine of C major. The performance of the Symphony was not an ideal one, but it was a very creditable achievement on the part of our orchestra of fifty-two instruments, who all seemed to enter into it *con amore*.

The "Genoveva" Overture did not gain so much upon the general audience as we had hoped in this second performance. It suffered somewhat by coming last, and particularly by disturbance of the true listening element occasioned by a forced *encore* of what preceded. But the reason of the indifference lay partly in the work itself; its beauty is of a kind which must be wooed in calm and favorable moments. Its sweets are somewhat cloying, in spite of the breezy horn blasts which now and then freshen up the picture, and relieve brooding solitude and fluttering heartbeats with a fresh odor of the woods.

The best relished of the orchestral pieces (except for the disturbance by late comers) was the "Hebrides" Overture, often called "Fingal's Cave," in which the young Felix wrote out his impressions of the "Einsame Insel" (lonely island) a year or two afterwards, in the month of December, in Rome, where he also finished the "Scotch" Symphony. It was so rendered as to give great delight; and indeed it was the only piece which most could welcome as an old acquaintance in the whole programme.

Henselt's Concerto, as a composition, a musical creation, can bear no comparison with the works in this form (by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c.) which have enriched all the previous Symphony Concerts. It is not without beauties, passing traits of fineness, as in the course of the first movement, and a pervading euphony, at least for the piano part. But the thoughts are for the most part commonplace; its sentimental quality is only better than the average of the better masters of the new Piano virtuoso school; and the instrumentation is often awkwardly managed and sometimes coarse. It is not symphonic, but after all a purely piano-forte piece, a piece for virtuosos. The fact that it is possibly the "most difficult" piece for the executant ever written is rather a left-handed kind of praise. Still it is the work of a musician, one not without poetic quality, one never absolutely trivial. It was a work well worth hearing once in such a concert; the only mistake was in not placing it in another programme where more familiar great works might relieve it. It exhibited young PETERSILIA's playing in a brilliant light. In strength, precision, certainty and fluency of execution, as in well-considered, tasteful light and shade, it places him (so nearly as we can judge between

so many marvellous instances of execution which we have heard of late) among the foremost pianists. To thorough *technique* he adds good intelligence; and his interpretations are clear and elegant, if not particularly sympathetic or inspired, as in the case of the Chopin *Impromptu*, which was far more enjoyed than the Concerto. We can hardly understand how an artist who is at home in such music, and who finds himself in such a concert, could answer an encore with such a trashy, Gottschalk-y little piece as he did. Probably unwise friends, and not the artist, were the real sinners. To say the least it was a mistake. The *encore* itself, too, was a violation of the understanding which has ruled in these concerts. The programmes are too long and the character of the pieces such as not to admit of repetitions or insertions without disturbing the unity of the whole. As it was, the *Genoveva* overture was the sufferer by it. Besides, such an *encore* lets down the whole tone of the concert, making it an arena for partisan rivalry between the friends of this or that solo pianist. Such calls do not proceed from the real Symphony audience, nor from any but small scattered portions of the crowd. On past occasions there have been plenty who would too gladly have heard more from A and B and C; but these are persons, filled with the spirit of the occasion, appreciating the unity of design in the programme, and who therefore never urge such claims. It is comparatively outsiders who do it, thoughtless of the concert, in their zeal for a friend. It were better to drop out of the Symphony programmes *all solo performances*, than have it come to this. But we have no fear; the incident was exceptional; the solo artists who have rendered such efficient service in these concerts have done it in a true, self-forgetting spirit, purely to help on the object of the concerts and bring the best works of great authors fairly before a proper public.

The third concert (yesterday) gave Mozart the chief place: Symphony in E flat and "Magic Flute" overture. Mr. ERNST PERABO was the pianist, and played a Concerto by Norbert Burgmüller and Schumann's "Études Symphoniques," op. 13, for piano alone. The closing Overture was the pendant to the "Hebrides," the "Melusina" by Mendelssohn. We have recalled on another page an old description of the "Magic Flute" overture; we here recall part of what Schumann said of the "Melusina":

"To understand it, no one needs to read the long-spun, although richly imaginative tale of Tieck; it is enough to know: that the charming Melusina was violently in love with the handsome knight Lusignan, and married him upon his promising that certain days in the year he would leave her alone. One day the truth breaks upon Lusignan, that Melusina is a mermaid—half fish, half woman! The material is variously worked up, in words, as in tones. But one must not here, any more than in the overture to Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' wish to trace so coarse a historical thread all through. (A curious person asked Mendelssohn once, what the overture to Melusina meant; Mendelssohn brusquely answered: 'Hin—a mesalliance.') Always conceiving his subject poetically, Mendelssohn here portrays only the characters of the man and the woman, of the proud, knightly Lusignan and the enticing, yielding Melusina; but it is as if the watery waves came up amid their embraces, and overwhelmed and parted them again. And this revives in every listener those pleasant images by which the youthful fancy loves to linger, those fables of the life deep down beneath the watery abyss, full of shooting fishes with golden scales, of pearls in open shells, of buried treasures, which the sea has snatched from men, of emerald castles towering one above another, &c. This, it seems to us, is what distinguishes this overture from the earlier ones; that it narrates these kind of things quite in the manner of a story, and does not experience them. Hence at first sight the surface appears somewhat cold, dumb; but what a life and interweaving there is down below is more clearly expressed through music than through words.

"The whole begins and ends with a magical wave figure, which emerges several times in the course of the piece; the effect is to transport one, as it were,

suddenly out of the battle ground of violent human passions into the vast, earth-surrounding element of the water, particularly from the point where it modulates from A flat, through G, to C. The rhythm of the knight theme in F minor would gain in pride and consequence by a still slower tempo. Right tenderly and clingingly still sounds on in our mind the melody in A flat, behind which we descry the head of Melusina. Of single instrumental effects we still hear the beautiful B flat of the trumpet (near the beginning), which forms the seventh to the chord;—a tone out of the primeval times."

Chamber Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The eighteenth season opened at high tide on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11. Chickering's Hall was overflowing, and some of us had to listen in the ante-room. It brought back the best days of the Club and showed that the interest in them and in the classical chamber music which they have done so much for eighteen years to domesticate among us, is on the increase. The well-known faces were warmly welcomed as they appeared upon the platform. There has been a change, however, in one member; the Club now consists of WM. SCHULTZE (leading violin), CARL MEISEL (second), THOMAS RYAN (tenor), WM. WIESEL (tenor, new), and WULF FRIES, violoncello. This was the bill of fare:

Quartet in B flat. No. 69. Haydn.
Piano Trio, in A Minor. Henselt.
"Legend" for Violin. Wieniawski.
Tocatta for Piano, in C. Op. 7. Schumann.
Quintet No. 3, in G minor. Mozart.

The Haydn Quartet was delightful; fresh, wholesome, full of life, of happy inspirations not far-fetched, worked out with clear and facile mastery of form, putting everybody in good humor, and leaving the appetite keen for what should come after. And that is only saying it was Father Haydn. Not to love him is to be unmusical, or musically sophisticated. The instruments were nicely blended, and the beauty of the whole in all its changing moods passed vividly before us. Nor could a fitter pendant be found than the perfect G-minor Quintet of Mozart, which ended the concert with as much zest as it opened.

Mr. PETERSILEA won new laurels by his fine rendering of the Trio by Henselt, a composition which appeared to touch a more responsive chord in the audience than the Concerto by the same. It indulges, to be sure, in the same excess of ornamental arpeggio, continued almost to weariness; but the thoughts seemed fresher and more original; the Andante and the Scherzo were very captivating, and the impression of the whole work pleasing and enlivening. We would hear it more than once before saying more of it. Of the clear, finished execution there could be no question. The Tocatta by Schumann is a marvel for difficulty long kept up; but it is also a most interesting work, full of power not soon exhausted. It is like a full stream pouring itself out, with irresistible, free course, leaping over stones and gaining life from every obstacle, true to an innate rhythmic law of form; a glorious, strong, youthful fervor bearing all before it, spending itself lavishly, with a wild freedom, yet with logical consistency and not needing soon to pause. Tocattas are long; so are mountain brooks and rivers. There was no faltering nor exhaustion in the player; he read it clearly, with all ease. Warmly recalled he gave a graceful rendering of Chopin's *Berceuse*.

Mr. SCHULTZE never seemed to us more happy in his solo-playing; and the "Legend" by Wieniawski, who stands high among the famous violinists of the London concerts of late years, a player of great fire, is one of the most interesting concert pieces of the modern romantic school that we have heard for many a day.

The concert altogether gave rare satisfaction, and augurs a successful season. The next will be on Tuesday evening, Jan. 8.

SCHUBERT MATINEES. The first of six musical feasts announced under this title by the singularly gifted young pianist, ERNST PERABO, took place at Chickering's Hall on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 13, at 3½ o'clock. The audience was excellent in character, of goodly number, though not so large as we had hoped to see. Again we must exclaim, Boston is rich in quite remarkable pianists; none more remarkable, in many capital respects, than this young Mr. Perabo. In the rendering of all kinds of great works by all masters there seems to be no difficulty left for him; he is full of the music and it flows from

his fingers, evenly, firmly, strongly, as he quietly sits at the piano, and this in spite of youthful modesty and a nature nervous, introspective to a degree almost painful when he has not music for a medium; for music seems to be his world. The vividness and tenacity of his musical impressions is something extraordinary; there is scarcely any music, Symphony, Concerto, Overture, Sonata, Suite, which he heard well played in Leipzig, which he does not seem ready to reproduce from memory on the piano. With a memory so stored, and coming from Leipzig at a time when all the great repertoire of Beethoven, &c., has been played over and over, till many have become blasé with the best, and eager for novelty, it is perhaps quite natural that he should desire to treat us to things both new and old which few of us have known before. The piano music of Schubert, his dozen or more Sonatas included, is scarcely known to our audiences, and is full of genius; though some of our older artists, no strangers to the Schubert enthusiasm or to all these works, believing them to be very unequal in merit and not as artistic in form as they are richly strown with gems of genius, would not think of making them the staple of a set of concerts. But we, for one, are thankful for a chance to hear them, who cannot conjure them up under our own hands in private. Mr. Perabo, however, began moderately in respect of Schubert; only one piece in his programme, which was this:

Suite (in D minor). Handel.
Aria, "Capa Fatal Mestiza". Conteneri.
Sonata, Op. 122 (four movements). Schubert.
Allegro Moderato. Andante. Minuetto. Allegro Grazioso.
Ave Maria. Ruckert.
Sonata in A major (for Violoncello and piano). Beethoven.

The Sonata in E flat is by no means one of the most strikingly characteristic ones of Schubert; it is simply graceful, musical, euphonious, a little commonplace in thought compared with several other of his own and all of Beethoven's, carrying one back almost to the simplicity and easy level of Haydn's. It was most beautifully played, there is no denying.

The Handel Suite, consisting of a *Prelude*, *Fugue*, *Allemande*, *Courante*, *Air* with variations and *Presto* finale, all in one key—it was the wont of those old times—was rendered in such liquid, clear, transparent style, with such an even, finished gloss upon it, that its beauties were brought home to every one. We hope to hear more of Handel's piano music. It may be antiquated, but it is not dry with such an interpreter. The Beethoven Sonata came out with real fire and soul on the part of both performers, WULF FRIES playing the cello part exquisitely. This was of course the most enjoyed of all the pieces.

In the young lady who sang, Miss ANNIE MORSE, a debutante, pupil of Mrs. LONG, we were happy to find the presence of a mezzo soprano voice of singularly beautiful quality, rich and musical and well developed, with evidence of more true musical feeling and talent than should be spent on music of so commonplace a character as the two songs she sang.

PARLOR OPERA. *Lucia* was repeated on the third of the four evenings. We were not present, but take this occasion to correct an error into which we were strangely led in attributing the fine rendering of the *obbligato* clarinet passage to the veteran James Kendall: the compliment belongs to Mr. LIEBSCH, the excellent first clarinet of the Symphony Concerts.—The first season closed on Thursday night with Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."

NEXT IN ORDER. To-day, at noon, the first of HERMANN DAUM's three "BEETHOVEN MATINEES," at Chickering's.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, the annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah" by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY in full force, with orchestra of the Symphony Concerts and Great Organ. The solos by Miss Houston, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Rametti (who made so promising a debut in *St. Paul*), Mr. Wm. J. Winch, a fresh young tenor, whose voice and style raised high hopes at the rehearsal, and for basso Mr. J. F. Winch, of whom the like may also be said.—Next Thursday afternoon, Mr. PERABO's second Matinée.

AMERICAN PIANOS IN EUROPE. Without disparaging the remarkable successes of other American makers, we may reasonably feel especial pride in the triumphs of our own Boston "Chickering"—the oldest and, as we truly believe, still the highest name in this branch of American ingenuity and industry. Such "Grands" as this house are now producing we are sure cannot suffer by the side of any competitors. We have little taste for modern *advertising* methods, least of all for the system of printed recommendations, testimonials, &c., from famous virtuosos, teach-

ers, critics. But certainly, if any names can carry weight with them, it is such as have recently been cited by the Messrs. Chickering. Such names as Moscheles, Reinecke and Plaids, of Leipzig, Halle and Benedict, of London, not to speak of famous London piano makers, like Broadwood, Collard, &c., mean something. And now the Boston piano has found its recognition in Berlin. The Messrs. Chickering publish, with just pride, a letter from the U. S. Consul at Berlin, Mr. Hermann Kreissmann, dated Nov. 8, 1866, of which we copy the essential portion:

GENTLEMEN.—I profit of the opportunity afforded by the return to Boston of my friend, Hugo Leonhard, Esq., the eminent pianist of your city, to do what ought to have been done ere this, acquaint you of the safe arrival of the magnificent "Chickering" Grand Piano, which Mr. Leonhard had been good enough to select for me.

Thanks to your care and foresight it came in perfect order, notwithstanding the frequent handling to which it had necessarily been subjected on its long passage from Boston to Berlin. The instrument, in regard to its elegant and tasteful exterior as well as its beautiful tone and perfect action, is everything that I could have desired.

All those who have seen, heard, examined and played upon it,—among them the very best judges in Berlin, piano players as well as piano makers,—cannot sufficiently admire it, and pronounce it superior to any Grand Pianos, made here or elsewhere in Germany, not excepting the widely and justly celebrated "Bechstein" instruments of this city. The quality of the tone of your splendid instrument is found to be so refined and pure, it "sings" so beautifully, as the Germans express it, the quantity of its tone is so full, round and ample; the gradation of strength from the lower to the upper registers so complete and even, and its action and mechanism so perfect, that all concur in the opinion that its equal in excellence and perfection has not before been seen in Berlin.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. "Bendel" writes us (Nov. 19): " . . . Till recently, the musical profession here were not able to keep in advance of the people and the press. This is now happily changed. Our concerts are actually growing too classical for the newspaper critics. Here is a part of the *Democrat's* 'criticism' on Mr. Appy's last concert:

Upon the whole the concert was a great success; but we must be allowed to express the somewhat unfashionable regret that the performance was so exclusively professional and scientific—that so little attention was given to melody and so much to ornament. The continual din of operatic legerdemain was rather too much for ordinary ears, and we doubt not that the weariness which finally overcame us was shared by others who may be less willing to confess its existence, through fear of being considered old-fashioned and lacking in classical taste. There was very much to admire in the performance; considerable to excite astonishment; but not enough that was simply calculated to please. Wonderful skill was displayed in the orchestral music, but save in the concluding waltz, we failed to hear a single bar of anything that rang like music upon our unpolished tympanum. It was easy to see that the Philharmonics were under most exact and admirable training, but it was not quite so easy to see that any end beside musical discipline was attained.

Mlle. Broussais merited the plaudits which recalled her after playing the "Invitation to the Waltz;" but we are sorry to say that she also seemed to have caught the classical infection, and gave in response another elaborate production, which we, for one, couldn't recognize as embodying anything approaching melody. It was simply an exhibition of skill, like nearly everything else.

"And here is the programme which is so exclusively classical (!):

Overture, Poet and Peasant, Suppe. Solo, Piano, Martha, Grande Fantaisie De Concert, Kube, Mlle. C. Broussais. Solo, Violon—Fantaisie Caprice, Vieuxtemps, Henri Appy. Aria—Crispino La Comare, Ricci, Miss Clara Strauss. Overture—Martha, Flotow. Solo, Piano—Invitation to the waltz, Weber, Mlle. C. Broussais. Solo, Violon—Anna Bolena—Grand Fantaisie, Alard, Henri Appy. Song—Love's Delight, Abt, Miss Clara Strauss. Waltz—L'Africaine, Strauss.

"Surely, to call such a programme classical, shows the education, culture and taste of our daily critic to be anything but educated, and he is morally too far down the musical ladder to ever think of resuscitating

"The Philharmonic orchestra have made steady improvement since Mr. Appy has had the handling of the baton; yet, without the aid of more professionals, they can never hope to accomplish many deserving things. With the aid of such talent as the Messrs. Schaick, Maying and Mr. Baur, they can do very well, but to rest on their own individual merits, their success musically would be slim indeed.

"We understand that Mr. Tracy, who gave a series of six classical concerts here last winter, embracing the first half of the Beethoven Sonatas, is about ready to commence his second series, which will embrace the last half, including even the most difficult one, op. 106. Mr. Tracy is a quiet, hard working student, deserving of great praise for his efforts in trying to elevate the standard of appreciation amongst us, but from what we hear, see and know, he gets everything but praise from those who should be most willing to award it."

PHILADELPHIA.—Elijah was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society on the 13th inst., at the Academy of Music. The solo parts were sustained by Miss H. M. Alexander, soprano, Miss C. McCaffray, contralto, Mr. George Simpson, tenor, and Dr. C. A. Guilmette, basso, supported by a fine orchestra and the full chorus of the Society, numbering about three hundred voices, the whole under the direction of Mr. Carl Sentz. As compared with the performance of "Elijah" last spring, there were some marked improvements, and some portions unequal to that occasion. Miss Alexander sang altogether better than she did on the previous occasions. She has gained both in voice and style, singing with much more expression and confidence, and showing that most gratifying of all signs in a comparatively inexperienced singer, an ambition and a capacity for improvement, deserving all encouragement. Miss McCaffrey sang as she always does, in a truly artistic method. Her rich, sympathetic contralto never appeared to better advantage, and, as usual, her "O rest in the Lord" was rapturously encored. . . . The gentlemen did their work in admirable style. . . . The short solo passages for the "Youth," were assigned to a little girl from the Institution for the Blind, Miss —, with a sweet voice, but whose nervousness evidently prevented her doing herself or her instructor full justice.

The "Angel Trio" was looked for with much interest, as it was announced that three of the boys now in training by Mr. James Pearce, for the choir of St. Mark's Church, would sustain this difficult part. The little fellows, two of whom were scarcely "knee-high to a grass-hopper," undaunted by the novelty of their position or the weight of their responsibility, acquitted themselves very creditably, the second-soprano, especially, possessing a capital voice. . . . The worst thing in the "Elijah" last night was the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge over thee," which was entirely and hopelessly bad.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

Messrs. Schmitz and Jarvis gave their first "Symphony Concert" last Saturday evening, the main feature being Beethoven's 7th Symphony. Mr. Jarvis has commenced another series of Classical Matinees at the foyer of the Academy, with the aid of Mr. Schmitz and Mr. Gärtner.

The French Opera Company, from New York, have recently played Herold's *Zampa* at the Philadelphia Academy, with Mlle. Naddie as Camille and M. Armand as Zampa. They have also given Prier's "Le Maître de Chapelle" and Auber's "Crown Diamonds,"—all to enthusiastic audiences.

NEW HAVEN.—The "Mendelssohn Society" performed *Elijah* on the 12th,—and finely, we are told. Dr. W. D. Anderson conducted. The orchestra was mainly from New York. The choruses were well given, showing improvement over former concerts. The tenor solos were sung by Mr. Arthur Matthison (lately from England) at very short notice, Mr. Perring having a severe cold. Mrs. Cary, of Boston, received an encore in both the contralto airs, and Mrs. H. M. Smith, soprano, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, also, did full justice to their parts. The Angel Trio and the Quartet: "Cast thy burden," &c., were encored.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Departure. (Abschied von Wald.) Song. Mendelssohn. 30
Song from Ray Blas. (Lied aus Ruy Blas.) " 30
Morning Prayer. " 30
Peace. " 30

These songs of Mendelssohn satisfy, not so much from the musical flow of the melody, as from the fine taste and skill displayed in blending melody and harmony together in one harmonious whole.

- The Tri-colored Banner. Neapolitan melody. 30
In praise of the red, green and white Italian flag, now world famous, and has a pretty melody.

- I'm waiting at the gate. Song and Cho. T. B. 30
A charming song and pretty picture.

- Come unto me. Quartet. G. H. Martin. 30
For quartet choirs, and very appropriate to be sung to those who are "heavy laden."

- Independent girl. Song. M. L. Fox. 30
Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell. Comic S'g. 30
Both comic songs, in a different way, the first pert and saucy, and the latter quaint and Old-English-y. For all its quaintness, it is a beautiful song, and singers, although they may smile, must needs "admire-ire-ire" it.

Instrumental.

- Merry Tunes, by Hobson, each, 20
Minnie Clyde.
The Sensation.
Polly Perkins and Anna Lyle.
Blue Bells of Scotland.
Auld Lang Syne.
Comin' through the rye.
Aunt Sally.

More of the "Merry Tunes" which are so welcome and useful to young learners. As every musician must begin at some time, it follows that all, hereafter, should have a copy of the "Merry Tunes."

- Cote de la Mer. Barcarole. C. R. Miles. 30
A sea-side or boat-ride reverie, very pleasing and playable.

- Dianna Polka Mazurka. 4 hds. Arr. by Hewitt. 50
Grand War Galop. " " " 60
Bright, sparkling, and not difficult.

- Il Bacio. 4 hds. Oesten. 60
Better, perhaps, and certainly more brilliant, than with two hands. An excellent duet.

- Ivy leaf. (Leaves and Blossoms). Spindler. 30
Has Spindler's characteristic elegance of construction. Pretty.

- La Voix du Ciel. (Heavenly Voices). Reverie for Piano. A. B. Nelly. 60
The name is not inappropriate. Very sweet music, and the piece will surely be a general favorite, if generally known.

Books.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CHORUS, containing Wilhelm's Method, adapted to use in the School-room, by Hullah. Also selections for Devotional exercises, Exhibitions, and all Festival Occasions, adapted and arranged in one, two or three parts. By J. B. Sharland. \$1.00
With a page as large as that of a common church music book, this work furnishes a great quantity of valuable material for all teachers who teach by note. It is now used in the schools of Boston.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

